ow, it happened that Stephen (&c.) came down a the day that the show was to enter the town, and into the village he chanced to rome farth, a the caravan came into fown from the north. A wondrous collection they proposed so show for like, Elephants, Monkeys, Bears, Thyros, &c.)

both Stephen aloud, as he rose on his legs:
A fig for the berries, &c.—and eggs—
int henceforth I never can say it, of course,
hat I've not seen the Elephant—nor can the he
ind back to the homestead old Serred did go on,
caving wagon, and Stepen, &c., and so on.

THE "Port Lariat" immortalizes Jim Fisk in the fol

Lives of great men all remind us That we never need be "skeery," But, like Jim Fisk, leave behind us Footprints on the track of Eric.

THE New York Ledger feelingly refers to the of an old and well-known resident of New York: "Old Greeley's gone, that wise old man, He's gone to Texas' shore; He used to wear an old white coat, All buttened down before."

FERIAN over the water was called on for

llowing:
"All hall' the Amerikin aigle!
Proud bird of fraydom, all hall!
The first that no one can invalgle,
Or put salt on its beautiful tail!"

A CALIFORFIA JOKE.—The "Occasional Notes" olumn of Mr. Beccher's Christian Union has this

"Mary's Little Lamb" and the venerable edi-tor of the New York Tribane are both regarded as fair subjects for the witlings of the land to flesh their maiden pens upon; though, certainly, both are worthy of better treatment than to be thus tormented. The latest instance, taken from a heaven-foreaken corner of a far-away California paper, is calculated to arouse the sternest resis-tance in our nobler nature. It is as follows:

"Mary had a little lamb,
It drank cold water freely,
And looked so innocently wise,
She called it Horace Greeley."

CARL PRETZEL has in the field an Almanac, which he gives the title of "Vedder Brognostdi-kador und Almineck Kalnder for 1871." Carl locates the signs of the zodiac in der ahkunk, kidden, yackass, kroshopper, pumple pee, ped pug, shuabbin durdle, etc.

The following is a contraction.

philosophy:

No madder how gross you vas in der peeble's eyes, no madder who you tink you vas, ven you gone died der vorld vood gone on yoost der same mitout you. Und it vast youst so foolishness to tink dat ven you put your dhumb in de rifer und mid quickness dook it out, der hole vood shtop dere ven your finger vas gone out.

Determined to Presevere.—A little four or five-year-old boy was seated at the table eating dinner. A small cut of beefstake was given him, and taking it up in his hands he resolutely endeavored to get a bite off the end of it. It being pretty tough—as beefsteak sometimes happens to be—he pulled, and jerked, and grunted at the task a little more than was consistent with modern ideas of polite dining. After a few curnest struggles all in vain, he turned to his mother with a look of mingled energy and despair, and said, through vexation and tears—

"Mamma, me's going to have a piece off this meat if pull my mout out." DETERMINED TO PRESEVERE.-A little four or

"ATOM." of the Harvard Advocate, visited the rench fair, in Boston, and thus reports his experience:
Young lady—Sir, wouldn't you like to buy some
tickets in a punch-bowl?
Atom—No, thank you; I never drink.
Young lady (insinuatingly)—Well, wouldn't you
like to buy some cigars, then?
Atom (with a very grave face)—No, thank you;

peacerul clime. Having to go somewhere, the editor next appeared in the regions of darkness, but was positively refused, as the place was full of delinquent subscribers. Wearily the editor turned back to the Celestial city, was met by the watchman at the portals with a smile, who said: "I was mistaken; you can enter; there is not a delinquent subscriber in Heaven."

ONE McGee, a prominent politician of Kansas, was once the presiding officer of a Democratic County convention. A resolution was under consideration to which McGee was opposed, but which was finally passed by a decided majority. The chairman, however, was a man for an emergency. In announcing the result, he delivered himself thus: "Accordin' to the Jeffersonian rule, a resolution of this kind requires a two-thirds vote, and I don't think there's that many here. The resolution is lost."

THE other day the front door of the New York Tribune office had to be closed for some purpose. So Horace wrote on a piece of paper, "Entrance on Spruce street," and sent it down to the man who does the painting of the bulletins to be copied. The man studied over Horace's tracks all the forencon, and finaly in despair, wrote "Editors on a Spree," and posted it up. The passers by thought the circumstance was not unusual, but wondeded why it should be posted up so conspicuously.

During the period our boys were enlisting as "veta.," the following conversation was overheard: "I say, Jack, are you going to re-enlist?"
"Not much, if I know it." "What are you going to do?" "I'll tell you what I am going to do. When I get home, I'm going to hire a small boy with a bugle, have him come to my room every morning at five o'clock and blow the reveille—just for the satisfaction of telling him 'go to h—l.' Then I'll roll over and dream of soft bread."

JANESVILLE, Wis., is noted for smart boys. The latest is told of a lad of six summers, who was taken to task by his sunt for some supposed offense, which he persistently denied. "Now, Johnnie," said she, "I know you are not telling me the truth; I see it in your eye." Pulling down the lower lid of the organ which had well nigh betrayed his veracity, Johnnie exultantly replied; "You can't tell anything about it, aunt; that eye always was a little streaked."

A COUNTRY girl rode into town the other day, to do some shopping. When the clerk asked if there was anything else he could do for her, he was amazed by the reply, "Oh, no, sir, nuless you would be kind enough to go out and milk the old mare, for I rode from home without the colt." Not having any experience in the "milkin" line since he was very small, he blushingly declined.—Leuremorth (Ind.) Independent.

"Bon Brown, did you say that my father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog?" "No; I never said any such a thing. I never said that your father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog. All that I said was that Billy Smith's little yellow dog had more sense than your father, that's all I ever said." "Well, it's well you didn't say the other, I tell you."

As Illinois woman committeed suicide by hanging berself to an apple tree. At the funeral, a neighbor, noticing the sad appearance of the husband, consoled him by saying that he had met with a terrible loss. "Yes," says the husband, heaving a sigh; "she must have kicked like thunder, to shake off six bushels of green apples that would have been worth a dollar bushel when they got ripe."

A FAVORITE mode of winning the drinks is for a sharper to bet with a yokel that he can stand an egg on end "right on the floor," and that the yokel can't break it with a half bushel measure. The bet is taken, and the fellow puts the egg precisely in the corner, and if you wish to know how it is yourself, you would do well to try the experiment.

A young lady at Indianapolis was endeavoring to impress upon the minds of her Sunday School cholars the terrible punishment of Nebuchad-nezzar, and when she said that for seven years he mezzar, and when she said that for seven years he mezzar, and when she said that for seven years he ate grass just like a cow, she was astonishe little girl who asked, "Did he give milk?"

Among the latest conundranis is the following:
Why doth the little busy bee delight to bark and bite, and gather honey all the day, and eat it up at night?

Cation.

MARE farmers of your boys, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing them honest, independent and respectable members of society.

for the farmer.

Eb. Rural World: We are greatly troubled-by losing apple trees by winter-killing in this County-particularly when planted in the bottoms, or on the prairies. This is one of the north-west Counties of the State, and our winters are generally pretty savere. Can you give me a list of varieties that will not winter-kill?

W. Atchiese County Mo.

ties that will not winter-kill?

Atchison County, Mo.

REPRY.—Cultivation has something to do in the winter-killing of appletrees. If they are planted in a rich soil, and that soil is kept cultivated till late in the season, the wood growth is prolonged—the wood does not, ripen and consequently falls an easy prey to the intense frosts of winter. To remedy this, give the orchard soil no cultivation after the first of June, so as to check wood growth, and let it ripen-thoroughly. Root pruning in July would have the same effect, but it is too laborious. Putting the orchard in grass or clover as soon as the trees are well established, is another good course to prevent too great and too late a growth of wood. But sometimes we have much warm and wet weather in the fall, and trees will grow in spite of ourselves, and it is after such weather that the injury by winter-killing is greatest. There is much difference in the hardiness of varieties, and in very cold climates, or where there are great extremes of cold, it is wise to plant those kinds. They are generally the slower growing varieties. The wood is generally tougher, firmer, denser and shorter jointed. We will name a few varieties that you can plant with perfect safety in Atchison County. For summer apples the Red June, the Red Astracan, the Sweet June and Keswick Codling can safely be planted. For winter apples we can recommend the Ben Davis or New York Pippin, the Willow Twig, the Swaar, the Jeneton and Winesap. We presume the list could be considerably extended—but it embraces some of our best hardy varieties.

Sometimes our dwarf trees strike a very favorable soil and circumstances, and grow more vigorously than it is desirable dwarf trees should do. Especially is this so of the dwarf cherry. The best remedy for this is to carefully dig the tree up, and re-set it again immediately after. Indeed, whether they grow very vigorously or not, most dwarf trees-are improved by a biennial or triennial transplanting. It is not essential to good success, but is one of the ingredients in perfect culture.

success, but is one of the ingredients in perfect culture.

Dwarf trees can be set from eight to ten feet apart, and a great number of all sorts set in a half acre lot. They bear fruit in a very few years, and afford much pleasure to the enthusiast in promological knowledge, by the opportunity they afford of testing and becoming acquainted with many kinds, and learning what varieties are best saited to his place and his taste, and all their Hittle peculiarities. They furnish him with material on which to exercise his pruning and training skill—they constitute, in fact, one of the most perfect schools of horticulture—and one who has been through a course of study therein, though but an hour a day for a year, deserves to be elected, without further qualification, a member of the nearest Herticultural Society.—Gard. Monthly.

Some of the cattle belonging to residents in the southwest part of the city have died within a few days of the Texas fever. It is supposed the disease was taken from an old ox that dropped out of a drove of Texas cattle that passed through the city a short time since, and which has since been roaming about in that locality. It will be well for the owners of cows in the city to look after them, and see that they do not graze in the locality contaminated by the ox aforesaid, and if that particular bovine is still at large, it would be well to send him "where the woodbine twineth."

neth."

An antidote for the Texas fever, which it is said has been used successfuly in the Haytt settlement, south of the Cottonwood, is about six inches of poke root, half an inch in diameter, salted ches of poke root, half an inch in diameter, salted until the cattle will eat it. If it does not act as a cathartic within two hours, repeat the dose. We give it as we heard it, and cannot youch for its efficacy, but if it will do any good, it will at least be as serviceable as anything of which we have heard. It is simple, and not hard to get, and it will do no harm to try it.—Emporia News.

Mr. Wm. Talbott, of Richland, Ills., has made a valuable discovery. Hear what he has to say, then try it: "I think I have found out how to stop the progress of the chinch bug that are now destroying thousands of acres of corn and small grain throughout the country. After trying other ways to stop them from going through my corn, I tried salt and find that it will stop them effectively. They generally commence on a cornfield at Atom (with a very grave face)—No, thank you;
I never smoke.
Young lady (losing patience)—Well, Pd offer you some soap, if I thought you ever washed.
WHERE THEY GO.—A story is told of an editor who died, went to Heaven, but was denied admittance lest he should meet some delinquent subscribers, and bad feelings be engendered in that peaceful clime. Having to go somewhere, the kled with the brine. Three buckets of brine will reach a quarter of a mile if properly put on, and I insure it to stop the bugs, if well done."

Blind Cows.

The Kansas City Journal of Commerce says the cows of that city and the surrounding country are going blind. Over two hundred in Kansas City alone being blind. It says:

The symptoms are as follows: The eyes begin to swell a little, lasting, generally, from five days to two weeks. As soon as the swelling commences the eyes also begin to run clear water, just as though some hard and foreign substance was beneath the lids. After the running ceases, a hard, white film covers the eye balls, completely destroying the sight. This disease does not seem to affect the general health of the cow. Her appetite is as good as ever. There appears to be no change either in the quality or quantity of the milk, no pain, no uneasiness of any kind, no peculiar thirst indicating fever, and indeed, no symptom that would indicate disease. The eyes alone suffer and are destroyed. suffer and are destroyed.

Out in Iowa a new theory is advanced concerning the chinch bug. A few years since, in Appanoose County, a general attempt was made to raise spring wheat, on the plea that fall wheat was almost certain to freeze out. But the yield of chinch bugs increased from year to year with the area of wheat sown, until at last the farmers were compelled to abandon the culture of spring wheat. Soon the pest also disappeared. Lately the farmers again put in spring wheat in considerable quantities, and the chinch bugs reappeared. They are first seen in fields of spring wheat, but soon spread and consume fields of coru, cats, fall wheat, or almost anything else on the farm. It is firmly believed that if the spring wheat sown this year, in the locality mentioned, had been committed to the flames instead of the ground, and the fields permitted to lie idle, the country would have been the gainer by \$100,000.

Terms Used in Describing Fruit. The frequent use of descriptive terms, applied to trees and fruits, render them useful and interesting to the mass of our readers, as we design them to be.

Calyx—the remains of the flowers left at the end opposite the stam.

Basin—the depression around the calyx.

Crown or Summit—the ridge surrounding the calyx.

Stem—the part connecting the fruit to the twig
of the tree.
Cavity—the depression surrounding the stem.
Base—the part most remote from the crown.
Core—the cavities in the centre of the fruit con-

Core—the exerts.

taining the seeds.

Core surroundings—the dim lines in the flesh
which partly or wholly surround the core.

Flesh—the edible portion of the fruit.

Tying UP Vines.—It is a mooted question among vine growers, whether it is better to tie up to stakes or trellis grape vines the first season after setting, or allow them to ramble on the ground. A writer in the Gardser's Monthly says: "One thing, often sadly neglected, that is of vital importance to the health of the vineyard and the future success of the plants, is the tying up of the vines the first year. One year's neglect will cost two years to correct. Strong vines should grow six to ten feet the first year; and if the laterals are kept pinched back, and the vines tied up, they will ripen their wood and roots, and the next year should yield one-third crop."

Roan scrapings, and composts of muck, earth and manure, applied in the fall and polyerized over the surface with a brush harrow, together with the use of ashes, plaster and lime, all of which are available to farmers, will be found of ervice in keeping up a permanent pasture. And it is believed by taking a few acres annually and treating them with manures, better results will be obtained at less cost than in plowing and re-

A FRENCH agriculturist states that coal-tar is an excellent substance for destroying insects on plants. Fruit trees coated with coal-tar were found to be perfectly free from insects, and in other respects also greatly benefitted by the appli-

Our Fcrap Book.

LITTLE JERRY, THE HILLER

Beneath the hill you may see the mill, Of wasting wood and crumbling atoms. The wheel is dripping and elattering still But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

"Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same— They loved him well who called him so; And whether he'd ever another name, Nobody ever seemed to know.

Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye;"
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat;"
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue, And thus the simple truth was told; For Jerry was little when he was young, And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack, That Jerry unde up in being strong; I've seen a suck upon his back, As thick as the miller and twice as long.

Always busy and always merry, Always doing his very best. A notable wag was Little Jerry, Who uttered well his standing jost. "When will you grind my corn, I say!"
"Nay." quoth Jerry, "you needn't wold;
Just leave your grist for half a day.
And never fear but you'll be tolled."

How Jerry lived is known to fame, But how he died there's none may know; One Autium day, the rumor came— "The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 'twas whispered mournfully, The leech had come, and he was dead; And all the neighbors flocked to see: "Poor Little Jerry!" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthly bed— His miller's coat his only shroud-"Dust te dust," the parson said. And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin, And not a grain of over-toll Had ever dropped into his bin, To weigh upon his parting soul. Beneath the hill there stands the mill. Of wasting wood and crumbling stone: The wheel is dripping and clattering still. But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gove.

Senator Cameron declines being smothered with the Vice-Presidency. He has, we presume, studied the history of that office, and noted that it was fatal to almost every man who has held it. John Adams was our first Vice-President, and he couldn't effect a re-election to the Presidency. Col. Burr was rained merely by running for the office, as that placed him in a false position toward Mr. Jefferson, from the consequences of which he could never rise. George Clinton became Vice-President, and never could become anything else, dying in the office; and so it was with Elbridge Gerry. Gov. Tompkins was expended in the place. Mr. Calhoun then took the Vice-Presidency, being the most popular man in the country; but he came to grief on the largest scale, and made complete shipwreck of his fortunes. Mr. Van Buren was his successor, and what a pounding he got in 1840! Mr. Tyler entered the Vice-Presidency as popular a man as you could wish to see, Buren was his successor, and what a pounding he got in 1840! Mr. Tyler entered the Vice-Presidency as popular a man as you could wish to see, and in four years he was as badly off as Louis Nap is at this time. Mr. Dallas managed to survive his election to the second office, but he never got any higher in the political world, though he kept his ground in diplomacy. Colonel Johnson never was anything after he became Vice-President. Mr. Fillmore became a bad edition of Mr. Tyler, without revision or correction; and Mr. Wm. R. King, who theretofore had been regarded as a miracle of good fortune, died in a few months after his fall into the Vice-Presidential chair. Mr. Breekinridge became a rebel, a runaway, a refugee, and a dweller in Canada, and hed to accept pardon from Andrew Johnson. It adds to one's respect for Mr. Hambin, that he is almost the sole survivor of the Vice-Presidents, being none the worse for having held the second American place. Andrew Johnson's melancholy fate is fresh in the mind's eye of an unaynapathizing world. And now Mr. Colfax is forced to fly to retirement to get rid of the evils that belong to the office. The only man that ever held the Vice-Presidency without being thereby floored (Mr. Hamlin excepted) was Mr. Jefferson. If any American gentleman is, like the late Dr. Jaffier, of the Venetian political stage, "in love with ruin," he had better go in for the Vice-Presidency strong, and, getting it, get a facer from fate. He would either never be heard of again, or nothing would be heard to his advantage. It is evident that Simon Cameron isn't simple enough to be that gentleman, he is not liking the walking gentleman's part.

This place, where according to our telegrams, hundreds of human beings are daily dying for lack of food, and the starving people are actually reduced to cannabalism, lies between littinde 31 as safely as beef and mutton.

328 degrees 30 minutes N., and longitude 53—62 degrees E., and is the largest province in Persia, containing 210,000 square miles. Nearly one third of this area is a saft waste; a large portion of the remainder consists of plains of shifting sands, leaving a comparatively small part susceptible of cultivation. The fertile districts are in the North, where the high range of the Elburz mountains crosses the country, throwing out spurs, thus forming an elevated district abounding in well watered valleys. Art assists the work of nature by means of canals, which conduct waters where most needed; but this system of irrigation, though much used in ancient times, has been to a great extent abandoned on account of the incessant internal troubles which have disturbed the province for centuries past. The chief products of Khorassan are grain, cotton, silk, hemp, tobacton, and the province for centuries past. The chief products of Khorassan are grain, cotton, silk, hemp, tobacton, and the province for centuries past. The chief products of Khorassan are grain, cotton, silk, hemp, tobacton, and the standard of the control of the same seems of the shiah sect. In former days Khorassan included the desert of Khiva, and the district now known as the kingdom of Heret, but the first was separated from it by the warlike Seljuks at the beginning of the 11th century, and the latter in 1510—since of which time it has been more than once seized and held for short period by the Persians. Khorassan included the short period by the Persians Khorassan included the shire of soft period by the Persians Khorassan included to it at the beginning of the 11th century, and the latter in 1510—since of the shire of the shire pounds of the same provided the shire of the session of the shire pounds of special property. When it is desired for use, turn two tablespoonfuls of ground mustant seed, two tablespoonfuls of ground engage of the country of the 1st condition of the provided the cappondula of ground engage.

Tippecause and Tyler Too...The Ball that Went a Rolling.

Went a Reiting.

The widely celebrated ball, which, in 1840, rolled over so many States for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," was made in Dresden. Wm. Johnson, Esq., a carpenter, since dead, was the architect. It was thirteen feet in diameter, constructed of light, perfectly seasoned lumber, covered with cloth, with all the then States of the Union mapped upon it. A frame was constructed for it, in which it was swung, and then placed upon a wagon. Made with great mechanical skill, it was so nicely poised upon its axis that a touch of the finger turned it. Drawn by four magnificent black horses, and followed by an immense procession, it left Dresden for Zánosville. It was preceded by a pioneer corps, with axes, to remove the branches of trees that obstructed its stately course. Arrived at the river, the height of the bridge would not admit its passage, and it was ferried over. At an enormous political meeting, addressed by Hon. Tom Ewing, it was presented to the Whig Central Committee of this County. Soon afterward it started on an Eastern tour, through various States, to Washington city. There it remained for some weeks, attracting much attention. Thence it proceeded southwestwardly to New Orleans, and from that city passed up the fention. Thence it proceeded southwestwardly to New Orleans, and from that city passed up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Kentneky. Crossing that State, it found its way to East Tennessee, where, in the vicinity of Knoxville, it disappeared from public view.—Dresden (Ohio) Monitor.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—The following specimen of elegiac pathos was delivered by an Indian over the contiguous graves of her husband and infant:

"The Father of Life and Light has taken from me the apple of my eye and the core of my heart, and hid them in these two graves. I will mois-ten the one with my tears and other with the milk of my breast till I meet with them again in that country where the sun never sets."

Carriage was the most famons city of Africa, and the capital of a rich and powerful republic. It conquered Sicily and hence arose the wars between it and Rome, known as the Punic wars, which ended in the cutire destruction of Carthage. Afterwards it was re-peopled by the Romans, and again destroyed by the Arabians. No traces of that are now discoverable, except the remains of an aqueduct.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.—Life may be eked out with pleasure, but it must be mainly filled up with business; and he who should persevere in the vain attempt to fill up his time in ammeements, would then find it too late to take up any serious pursuits, and be compelled to drag on a miserable existence, haunted by the ghosts of his defunct pleasures, in the shape of ennui, restlessness, and melancholy.

Alseful and Curious.

A correspondent of the Country Geatleman gives the following recipes for summer drinks:

GINGER BEER.—Take of white Jamaica ginger root four ounces; pound it sufficiently to break the fibers; add to it three gallons of boiling water and two ounces of cream of tartar; boil it for five or ten minutes; then strain it and add two pounds of white sugar; stir it until all is dissolved; pour it into a pail, and add half an ounce of tartaric acid, and let it stand until lukewarm; pour in three tablespoonfuls of yeast, asid mix it well; let it rise from six to eight hours; then bottle, securing the cork tightly. In two or three days it will be good to drink; and it will keep five or six weeks. It is a very delicious drink, and can be drank without injury in the hottest weather. Six lemons can be substituted for the tartaric acid. Grate the peels, and squeeze the juice into the boiling water when the ginger is first added.

Hop Breer.—Take one quart of hops, three quarts of wheat bran, and three quarts of molasses; boil them in three gallons of water for an hour. Strain the mixture; turn into pails or kegs; when lukewarm, add half a pint of yeast; let it ferment over night, and bottle the next morning. Tie down the corks tightly, and in two days it will be fit to drink, and will keep so, if tightly corked. It is nearly as good as beer made with malt.

Root Breer.—Take spruce boughs, black birch bark, sarsaparilla, wintergreen leaves, sassafras,

nearly as good as beer made with malt.

Root Bree.—Take spruce boughs, black birch bark, sarsaparilla, wintergreen leaves, sassafras, yellow dock and dandelion roots; boil all together in a large kettle, with a handful of hops and two quarts of wheat bran, and two quarts of molasses. When boiled enough—two hours or so—strain through a sieve, cool and add a pint of yeast. If not very sweet to the taste, add more molasses. Let it work over night, and bottle. Secure the corks tightly, and it will foam well. The same can be made in larger quantities, and put into a fifteen gallon cask, and worked from the bunghole for a few days, but it will not foam so well as if bottled.

A caution has lately been largely copied in the domestic columns of the newspapers, to the effect that, cracked dishes, after being long used for holding gravies and fat of any kind, become rancid and unwholesome. And lately comes another, with good medical authority to back it, against using tin vessels—more especially tea pots—which have become rusted or blackened inside. The acid combines with the iron of the exposed portions of the vessel, and forms a chemical compound not unlike ink. It corrodes and darkens the teeth, and cannot be inoffensive to the stomach. I have seen the discoloration, both of natural and artificial teeth, prove so obstinate from this cause, as to require several scourings with soap and ashes to remove it.

to require several scourings with soap and sance to remove it.

When housekeepers hear any of the family remarking, "This tea tastes like ink!" it is time to examine—possibly to throw away—the teapot.

The most palatable and wholesome tea is made by steeping in a bright tin or porcelain cup, then pouring into a freshly scalded earthen teapot. Thus treated it will never acquire the astringent quality so deleterious to the teeth and to health.

Ohio Farmer.

A party of men, say from three to a dozen, band together and hold frequent meetings, and act according to a plan laid down. One or two will find out some copper plate printer in the employ of the bank note company—in fact, all such printers are known by the party. These men will then manage to meet one of the printers in the evening, get acquainted, drink and have a good time generally with him, and so proceed for a few evenings. Then they offer him \$50 to \$100 to procure a certain kind of impression. This impression is made in this wise: The printer will take the impression upon tin foil from the plate from which ha is printing, which can be done in a moment. Thus you see every line and the size isobtained correctly. From this tin foil an electrotype plate is made. They then get some plate printer that can be found about the city, have a good time with him, engage him at twenty dollars a day to do the printing. By this plan thousands of copies are struck off that defy detection, except in the quality of the paper, which will differ from the genuine.

As soon as your meat of any kind is brought home from the butcher, wipe it with a clean dry cloth. If in the summer you find any "fly-blows," which are very common, cut them out at once, and no harm will be done. In the loins a long pipe runs up the bone, that should be taken out immediately, or in a few hours it will taint and spoil the whole joint. If the meat is not to be used at once, dredge it with pepper. Powdered charcoal dusted over meat will help to keep it sweet, or it will remove any taint already begun. It is wise to keep charcoal on hand during warm weather; it is wonderfully efficacious in preserving meat; and if dusted coal on hand during warm weather; it is wonder-fully efficacious in preserving meat; and if dusted over it while hanging, it can all be washed off when you are ready to cook it. Most meat is more tender and easily digested if kept hanging some time, and charecal is a great and reliable aid in preserving it. Lamb and yeal cannot be kept as safely as beef and mutton.

SWERT GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Peel and slice two gallons of green tomatoes, to which add five table-spoonfuls of ground mustard seed, two table-spoonfuls of ground pepper, two table-spoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one table-spoonful of cloves, one pound of brown sugar, and three quarts of vinegar. Boil all together until quite done. If one chooses, one spoonful of ground and a portion cinnamon bark may be used. A little celery top gives a fine flavor. These pickels are excellent.

ALLEGED CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—The following is said to have been the uniformly successful treatment of hydrophobia, by Dr. William Livingston, of Hebron, Washington county, New York: Of Turpeth mineral take 3 grains three times a day until it shows itself on the gums of the mouth in a yellow streak, then leave off till it wears away; then begin again, and repeat it three or four times, and in the wound keep verdegris as long as the wound can be kept open.

How to Make Seidlitz Powders.—Seidlitz powders are an excellent corrective for acidity of the stomach; and every farmer can make them for himself. Mix twelve drachms of powdered Epsom salts with twelve scruples of powdered carbonate of soda, and divisle into six parts, in white papers; four drachms of Tartaric acid in six powders. Every time you take the powders, mix one of each paper in two glasses.

SUMMER DRINKS.—A healthy drink is made from an onnee of hops and a spoonful of ginger to a gallon of water. Well boil, then strain and add a pint of molasses, and half an ounce of the essence of spruce; when cool, add a cup of yeast, put into a clean, light cask; after it has fermented for a couple of days, bottle it for use. You can boil sprigs of spruce-fir in the place of the essence.

It is said that the prickly heat, so troublesome to some people, may be entirely avoided by taking a warm bath for ten minutes, and afterwards anointing the parts affected with lemon juice. For those who suffer with this yexations malady, it is worth a trial.

REMEDY FOR CHRONIC DIARRHEA.—Put a table-spoonful of wheat flour in a tumbler of water; beat until it foams, and drink immediately. If the patient is thirsty more water may be added. It should be taken four times a day; before meal times and on going to bed. MINT SAUCE.—Take a bunch of green mint and chop it fine with a knife, or rub it in a mortar; add half a pint of fine sugar and half a pint of sharp vinegar. Stir or rub well, and serve cold; to be eaten with roast lamb.

TOMATORA.—With meat, raw, should be sliced up in vinegar, salt and pepper, like encumbers. For tea, use aweet cream and sugar; they are al-most as good as strawberries.

TRA.—A French chemist asserts that if ten be ground like coffee before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhiberating qualities.

Select Loetry.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

BY WILL M. CABLETON.

But I'm going away to-day, with a handso you."

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings! May the words of love I've spoke, he changed to scorpion stings!

Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had.

That fasteped a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad:
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the

est dear,"
\[\text{ind said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here. \]
\[\text{J. God! if you want a man to sense the pains of Hell, \]
\[\text{lefore you pitch him in, jest keep him in Heaven a spell! \] And if I thought I could bring my words on Heaven to bear And if I thought I had a little influence there, I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so, As happy and gay as I was a half an hour ago.

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
one, what's the matter, now! and what've you lost or found!

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on, And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John. Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your trask! I was only a joking, you know; I am willing to take it back.

queer; hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear! Twas one of her practical drives she thought I'd under stand:
But I'll never break sod again, till I get the lay of the land
But one thing a settled with me—to appreciate Heaven wel
Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of Hell!

"Pruise to the Lord of Harvest!" August rolled Her golden chariot, with its flashing wheels, All amber sparkling o'er the smiling land, That teemed with goodly crops of ripeared grain, All spiked and bearded, bristling in the wind That tossed them, like the billows of a sea Restrewn with sprigs of yellow asphodel; Their mimie waves low murmuring: "See, our fields Are white to the harvest—Summer's end is nigh." And now the resper thrusts his sickle in, And mows and mows, till scattered on the ground The lavish wealth of suburnt August lies; Next to be gathered into stately rows. Of theaves, fair as the dream-sheaves Joseph as Bow down to him. And boay gleaners glean, As in the olden days, when Ruth weat forth And gleaned, a stranger in her husband's land.

"Praise to the Lord of Harvest!" and the song Nearer and nearer stole. And lo! a train, With banners heralding the harvest home. Chant, as they march along, their hymn of praise; And childish voices, with their sweet, clear notes, Fresh as silv by fountain, rose and fell; Their tiny trebles mingling with the bass Of sturdy rustics, whose deep tones burst forth Like to the hoarser rose of distant waves Breaking upon a wild and rocky shore.

In the church porch I stood, to see the band,
Led by the white-robed priset, with solemn step,
Enter the house of God, whose ancient walls
Were decked with many an spt and painted scroll;
Whilst round the pillars and the carron font.
Then pealed the organ, and the waiting rowd
Then pealed the organ, and the waiting crowd
Beneath the sacred roof caught up the strain,
And gave the bounteous Lord of Harvest praise.

HARVESTS ON HISTORIC FIELDS.

Eight years age, the battle's breath
Swept flery hot across the plain;
And steadily the reaper Death,
With croel carnage in his train,
Marched through the serried ranks that stood
Unwavering, and cut them down;
While fletd and farm, and hill and wood,
Grew dark beneath the battle's frown.

The cannon thundered in their wrath,
The moaket rang with volleys there;
The houd shell cut its trackless path,
And burst with fury in the air;
And thickly by the trudden way,
In dyke and field, by level rows
Of trampled corn, Death's harvest lay—
Friend close by friend, and fice with foca.

To-day another harvest stands.

Where once Death trod the bleeding plain,
Ripe for the resper's ready hands,
Thut hind in sheaves the golden grain.
Afar the sheltered farm-house sleeps,
Embowered in shade; while o'er the mound,
With pitying growth, the wild vine creeps,
Where rifles rang with deadly sound.

Up from her covert starts the quali,
As, chancing on her hidden must.
The farmer lad, with noisy hall,
Spies quick as thought the speckles
And low and sweet the echoes call;
While from the blue sky overhead,
In mellow radiance flooding all,
The golden light of peace is shed.

KATYDID.

Throughout the night I hear the cry go up toward the stars, And the answer, in denial, seems to beat against the bars. That lie across the gates of pearl, as surf beats on the shore. And the night rings with a pleading I have never heard before.

For though full oft the Katydid its hold assertion made, And still the prompt denial rang through the willow glade To night they seem to hold in tune the harmonies of song, And, half forgetful of the hours, I linger late and long. But who has known what Katy did! and when was it all

plats. der if he heard their cry with pleasure or with pain. Or when adown the sacred Nile swept Cleopatra's barge, I wonder if the Katy's cry rose from the Lotos marge. Was Cheope, as his eye surveyed the mighty Pyramid, Still puzzled with the query as to what poor Katy did!

It scarce can matter to us now though it were all revealed. Oh, Katy! whether true or false, there's one thing that I knoy: It all should be forgotten, since it happened long ago.

FEEL I'M GROWING AULD, GUDE-WIPE. I feel I'm growing suid, gude-wife—
I feel I'm growing suid;
My steps are frail, my een are bleared,
My pow is unce baid.
I've seen the snaws o' four-acore years
O'er hill and meadow fa';
And, Minuie, were it na for you,
I'd giadly slip awa.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife—
I feel I'm growing auld,
I'ra youth to age, I've keepit warm
The love that ne'er turned cauld,
I canna bear the dreary thocht
That we mann sundered be;
There's naething binds my my puir a
To earth, gude-wife, but thee.

I feel I'm growing saild, gude-wife— I feel I'm growing saild; Life seems to me a wintry waste. The very sum feels cauld. Of waridly frienz, po've been to me. Amang them of the best; New I'll by down my weary head. Gude-wife, and be at rest.

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